

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Nay, do not thinke I flatter,
For what aduancement may I hope from thee
That no reuenew haſt but thy good ſpirits
To feede and cloathe thee, why ſhould the poore be flattered?
No, let the candied tongue lick obſurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fauning, doſt thou heare,
Since my deere ſoule was miſtris of her choyce,
And could of men diſtinguiſh her election
Shath ſeald thee for her ſelfe, for thou haſt beene
As one in ſuffering all that ſuffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Haſt tane with equall thanks; and bleſt are thoſe
Whoſe bloud and iudgement are ſo well comedled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortunes finger
To ſound what ſtoppe ſhee pleaſe: giue me that man
That is not paſſions ſlaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts core, I in my heart of heart
As I do thee. Something too much of this,
There is a play to night before the King,
One ſcene of it comes neere the circumſtance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou ſeeſt that act a foore,
Euen with the very comment of thy ſoule
Obſerue my Vncle, if his occulterd guilt
Doe nor it ſelfe vnkennill in one ſpeech,
It is a damned Gholt that wee haue ſeene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* ſtithy; giue him heedfull note
For I mine eyes will riuert to his face,
And after wee will both our iudgements ioine
In cenſure of his ſeeming.
Hora. Well my Lord,
If a ſteale ought the whiſt this play is playing
And ſcape detected, I will pay the theft.

*Enter trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene,
Polonius, Ophelia.*

Ham. They are coming to the play. I muſt be idle.

Prince of Denmarke.

Get you a place.

King. How feares our couſin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent yfaith.

Of the Camelions diſh, I eate the ayre,
Promiſ-cram'd, you cannot feede Capons ſo.

King. I haue nothing with this aunſwer *Hamlet*,
Theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.
You playd once i'th Vniuerſity you ſay,

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Caſar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,
Brutus kild me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill ſo Capitall a caſe there.
Be the Players ready?

Rof. I my Lord, they ſtay vpon your patience.

Ger. Come hether my deare *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ham. No good mother heere's mettle more attractiue.

Pol. O, oh, doe you marke that.

Ham. Lady ſhall I lie in your lap?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. O God! your onely ligge-maker, what ſhould a man do but
be merry, for looke you how cheerfully my Mother lookes, and my
father died within's two howres.

Ophe. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the diuell weare blacke, for Ile haue a
ſute of ſables; O heauens, die two months ago, and not forgotten yet,
then there's hope a great mans memory may out-liue his life halfe a
yeare, but ber Lady a muſt build Churches then, or elſe ſhall a ſuffer
not thingking on, with the Hobby-horſe, whoſe Epitaph is, for O, for
O, the hobby-horſe is forgot.